

Autism and Hybrid DNA, in the context of religious works

Ancient Hybrids in Myth and Reality

*A 19th-century painting titled **Fallen Angel** by Alexandre Cabanel, depicting a brooding fallen angel.* Myths across cultures speak of extraordinary beings born from the union of gods and mortals. In the Hebrew Bible, for example, the **Nephilim** are described as offspring of “divine beings” (the *sons of God*) and human women. These Nephilim were portrayed as mighty warriors or giants—creatures straddling the boundary between human and something *other*. Similar tales of hybrid bloodlines abound in world mythology, from ancient Greek demigods to legends of giants and heroes. Such stories capture the imagination as metaphors of *crossing worlds*: heaven and earth, mortal and divine, natural and supernatural.

Interestingly, modern science reveals that the idea of hybrid lineage is not just confined to myth. We now know that **ancient humans interbred with other**

hominin species: our ancestors mingled their DNA with Neanderthals, Denisovans, and perhaps other archaic groups. As a result, **fragments of ancient DNA persist in us today.** In fact, genetic studies show that present-day humans outside Africa carry roughly 1–4% Neanderthal DNA, a legacy of those prehistoric unions. This process (scientists call it *introgression*) means we are all, in a sense, living hybrids of multiple human lineages. The notion that hidden ancestral traits might lie dormant in our genome is not far-fetched – it's written in our very genes. What ancient potentials might those fragments hold, quietly carried within us? The question invites a blend of scientific curiosity and speculative imagination.

A Global Reunion of Genes

In the past, human populations were scattered and often isolated by geography and time. But in today's age of globalization, **the long-separated branches of the human family are coming back together.** Travel, migration, and intermarriage on a global scale mean that DNA from distant continents is mixing within a single generation. Admixture – the scientific term for gene flow between different populations – results in a blending of genetic lineages and **increased genetic diversity within populations.** Traits once recessive or region-specific might find new expression when paired with complementary genes from another lineage. We can imagine that **ancient genetic fragments,**

dispersed in different populations, are now reuniting like pieces of a long-forgotten puzzle.

This global shuffling of genes is unprecedented in its scale. A child born to parents whose ancestry spans Europe, Africa, Asia, and beyond carries a richer patchwork of heredity than was possible in pre-global times. Could such a child express a combination of features not seen for millennia – perhaps a **reshuffling of very old genetic cards**? Scientists have noted that our complex demographic history, with population separations and reunions, has written a cryptic record in our genomes. In essence, globalization might be unlocking latent possibilities by allowing ancient genes to interact in novel ways. This book will explore the speculative idea that through worldwide intermixing, the *echo* of an ancient hybrid (like the mythic Nephilim or other primordial ancestors) might manifest subtly in modern people. It's a thought experiment at the crossroads of genetics and legend: humanity remixing itself and, in doing so, possibly reviving long-buried traits.

Modern Catalysts: Pollutants and Pressures

Genetics is only part of the story. The modern world introduces environmental influences that could **trigger dormant traits** or alter how genes behave. Industrial chemicals and widespread pollutants have become a

new backdrop for human development. Consider a few examples of these **modern catalysts** that might awaken hidden aspects of our biology:

- **Chemical Disruptors:** Certain man-made chemicals can interfere with hormones. Researchers have observed an **alarming trend toward early puberty in girls, likely influenced by endocrine-disrupting chemicals in our environment**. Substances like *musk ambrette* (a fragrance component) have been shown to stimulate receptors in the brain that control puberty, potentially **activating maturation processes earlier than nature intended**.
- **Air Pollution:** Toxic pollutants in the air don't just harm our lungs – they can affect brain development. For instance, recent research has **linked exposure to vehicle emissions (like nitrogen dioxide, NO₂) to higher risk of autism spectrum disorder (ASD) in children**. The timing of exposure is crucial: pollutants hitting a developing brain during pregnancy or infancy can disrupt neural growth, with long-term neurodevelopmental effects.
- **Epigenetic Stress:** Environmental stressors can flip genetic switches. **Air pollution has been shown to cause epigenetic changes – modifications that alter gene expression without changing the DNA sequence**. In other

words, pollutants might turn *on* or *off* genes that have lain quiet. Such epigenetic activation could, in theory, **unmask traits that were previously hidden**, like a recessive melody suddenly audible in the genetic symphony.

Modern life, with its chemical soups and novel stressors, may act as a catalyst that **draws out unusual traits or behaviors**. Some scientists have speculated that rising rates of conditions like ASD or shifts in developmental timing (for example, puberty onset dropping from an average age of 16 in the 19th century to around 10 in the 21st) could be partially due to these environmental triggers. In our speculative journey, we ask: might these triggers also awaken ancient genes or combinations? If a fragment of “hybrid” DNA is present, could pollution or stress prompt it to express in an uncanny way? This is not established fact, but a provocative question at the nexus of environment, genetics, and myth — a question that pushes us to consider human evolution as an ongoing, dynamic story.

A Personal Spark

Every grand inquiry has a personal seed. For me, one spark was a perplexing childhood experience: **I felt the first stirrings of sexual attraction at the age of seven**. This was years before anyone would expect such feelings to awaken. I vividly remember the

confusion and curiosity it evoked. Why did my mind and body hint at adult desires while I was still in early childhood? That early brush with maturation was not only personally bewildering; it planted the seeds of a lifelong quest to understand **early development and the forces that accelerate it**. Was my experience a mere outlier of biology, or could it be a clue to something hidden in our genes? I began to wonder if there was an ancient script in our DNA that, under certain circumstances, might play out early or differently.

Over the years, this curiosity expanded from the personal to the universal. I delved into genetics, anthropology, and mythology, hunting for connections. The question evolved: Could my early awakening be related to some dormant genetic factor – perhaps a relic from humanity's distant past? This book emerges from that interplay of **personal memoir and cross-disciplinary research**. It is my attempt to knit together threads from childhood memories, biblical myth, modern DNA science, and environmental health into a tapestry of speculative insight. The journey has been one of asking unusual questions without fear, balancing on the line between scientific reasoning and imaginative exploration.

An Open Invitation to Wonder

In presenting *The Hybrid Offspring Due to Globalisation*, I invite you, the reader, to join an exploratory odyssey.

The pages that follow do not claim that ancient giants literally walk among us or that pollution is *definitively* awakening mythical DNA. **Instead, this book is a thought experiment** – a journey through possibilities that dance at the edge of science and story. We will wander through biblical tales and cutting-edge genomic research, through case studies and philosophical musings. Along the way, we maintain a healthy skepticism even as we entertain expansive ideas.

The tone ahead blends speculative fiction with scholarly reflection. You'll find discussions of archaeological findings and genetic studies alongside meditations on folklore and philosophy. The aim is to remain *accessible yet informed* – to ground wild ideas in real science where possible, and to treat mythology not as literal truth but as a rich source of metaphor and meaning. In a world where globalization is rapidly changing who we are, it's worth pondering how our deep past might still live within us, and how the challenges of the present might stir that past to life.

Welcome to this cross-disciplinary exploration.

Suspend your disbelief, but bring your critical mind. Together, let's explore the intriguing notion that hidden within the globalized human of today are echoes of ancient hybrids – not as monsters or miracles, but as subtle influences on our biology and identity. This introduction is just the beginning of a conversation between myth and science, past and present. It sets the stage for an open-minded journey through the unknown

chapters of human origin and evolution, urging us to wonder what truths might lie in stories and what stories might lie in truth. Let the exploration begin.

Echoes of Hybrids – Science and Myth Intertwined

In the glow of an ancient campfire, two different kinds of humans share an intimate moment. One is a modern human (*Homo sapiens*); the other is a Neanderthal, our stocky, heavy-browed cousin. They do not know it, but in that moment they are making history. Their child will carry the genetic inheritance of both lineages – a true hybrid of two human species. Tens of thousands of years later, we **modern humans** still carry echoes of that primeval union in our DNA. What was once mere legend – the mingling of different beings – is now known to be an actual chapter of our story. Each of us alive today is, in a small but real way, a hybrid offspring of prehistoric intermingling.

Ancient Interbreeding Written in Our Genes

Genetic science has confirmed that our ancestors interbred with other hominins. During the Late Pleistocene (around 50,000–60,000 years ago), modern *Homo sapiens* met and mated with Neanderthals and Denisovans. As a result, people today have inherited tiny fragments of those ancient genomes. For example, about 1–4% of the DNA in Europeans and Asians is Neanderthal in origin, and some Melanesian and South Asian groups carry roughly 4–6% Denisovan DNA. In other words, if your ancestry is from outside Africa, a small portion of your genome comes from a Neanderthal

or Denisovan ancestor. Even African populations, through ancient back-migration, have a trace of Neanderthal lineage. These genetic remnants are not just vestigial; they contribute to who we are. A striking example is the gene **EPAS1** – crucial for high-altitude breathing – which was picked up from Denisovans and now helps Tibetan peoples thrive on Himalayan peaks. Likewise, many immune system genes in modern humans were acquired via Neanderthal introgression, giving us tools to fight local pathogens. Some scientists argue that such introgression was essential for our species' success as we spread into new environments. Our ancient rendezvous endowed us with genetic gifts (and a few quirks), meaning the legacy of those distant trysts lives on in our bodies today.

Myths of Mixed Blood and Giants

Long before DNA evidence, cultures around the world told **mythologies of hybrid beings** – perhaps intuited echoes of our mixed origins. In Greek mythology, for instance, heroes called **demigods** were born from a union of mortal and god. Heracles (Hercules) was the son of Zeus and a human woman, Alcmene – a literal half-god whose strength surpassed any mortal's. The Hebrew Bible speaks of the **Nephilim**, described as “heroes of old” born when heavenly beings (“sons of God”) mingled with human women, producing giant warriors. Ancient Mesopotamians told of the **Apkallu**, sages sent by the gods who were part human and part fish or bird – divine hybrids who taught civilization.

Norse legends describe how even the gods intermarried with the race of giants (Jötunn); Odin, chief of the Aesir gods, had a giantess for a mother and thus carried Jötunn blood himself. In Hindu lore, powerful beings often arise from mixed parentage as well – the epic hero Ghatotkacha, for example, was born of a human prince and a rakshasa (demoness), making him half-demon and renowned for his immense size and magic. Despite their different cultural flavors, these tales all echo the same notion: **humanity's blood is mingled with something "other"**, be it divine, demonic, or monstrous. Such hybrid characters were usually exceptional – unusually strong, wise, or gigantic – much like how a child of two species might be seen as extraordinary. It's as if ancient people sensed that the human lineage was not pure, so they used myth to explain those who were larger-than-life.

These stories served a psychological purpose: they allowed early people to process the unknown. A strange skeleton in the ground might become a fallen giant in legend; an individual of unusual stature or ability might be said to have gods in their family tree. In our time, science paints a different but no less wondrous picture: the "others" in our family tree were Neanderthals and Denisovans, not angels or Olympians, yet the result – a richer, more varied humanity – is oddly similar to what the myths tried to convey.

Modern Worlds, Ancient Genes

Now, in the modern world, we face environmental pressures that our ancestors never imagined. Intriguingly, these **environmental stressors** might interact with our ancient genetic legacy in ways we are only beginning to understand. Consider the chemical stew of industrial civilization: pollutants, plastics, and hormonal disruptors. Certain pollutants known as **endocrine disruptors** have been linked to children maturing faster than before – an alarming rise in early puberty. One could fancifully say that something in our deep genetic wiring is being triggered, almost like a dormant giant gene awakening. Scientifically, what's happening is that these chemicals interfere with hormonal signals, and because our genes respond to such signals, unusual environmental inputs can provoke unusual genetic expression. This is the realm of **epigenetics** – changes in gene activity caused by environmental cues. Some Neanderthal-derived genes we carry are known to behave differently from their modern human counterparts under certain stimuli. It's possible that a stressor like extreme pollution or a novel virus might elicit a response shaped in part by those archaic genes, for better or worse. In short, our ancient DNA isn't inert: the modern environment may shine a light on parts of our genome that were long in the shadows.

We can imagine scenarios: an old immune gene from a Denisovan ancestor might activate strongly to help fight a new pathogen, or conversely, an archaic metabolic gene might struggle in the face of modern processed

diets, contributing to health issues. While much of this remains speculative, the principle is clear – the interaction of genes and environment is key. Our hybrid genetic heritage means we have a broad repertoire of responses, and the **21st-century environment** is an unprecedented test of that repertoire. Humanity's past and present are meeting within our very cells.

Reflections on Our Hybrid Nature

Blending the scientific and the mythological perspectives gives us a profoundly **philosophical insight**: we humans are a braided species, born of many ancestries, and our unity is literally built on diversity. The mythic imagination of demigods and giants captures the feeling of otherness within us, while the science of human origins confirms the physical reality of that otherness. Recognizing our hybrid ancestry can inspire a sense of kinship that crosses time and species – a reminder that all humans today, whatever our superficial differences, share the same mosaic genome composed of myriad influences. In a way, we are walking embodiments of globalization, our genomes globalized long before modern times.

This perspective also invites wonder. The fact that a scrap of Neanderthal DNA in our genome might affect how we respond to a toxin, or that a Denisovan gene could be crucial for survival on a mountain, makes our everyday existence feel epic. It's as if the ghosts of ancient relatives live on inside us, guiding and

sometimes challenging our journey. The myths we inherited and the genes we inherited are both telling the same story: **that we are more connected – to nature, to each other, to the past – than we might think.**

Standing here, in a world of rapid change, we carry an inheritance of resilience cultivated over eons. Perhaps understanding this intertwined legacy – part legend, part science – will help us navigate the uncertain future with a bit more wisdom and humility. After all, we are the children of many worlds, and in that fact lies our strength and our story.

The Broken Treaty of the Mind

"Any sufficiently advanced technology is indistinguishable from magic." — Arthur C. Clarke

A Council in Discord

Once, the chambers of her mind held a peaceful congress. Imagination, memory, reason, and sensation all sent their diplomats to an inner table, negotiating reality with careful protocol. **Consciousness was an embassy** where each facet of the self respected the treaties of sanity: the sights of the outer world were kept distinct from the visions of the inner world; the past stayed gently separated from the present. In this delicate diplomacy, **her psyche maintained order**. Like nations in an accord, **each mental voice waited for its turn to speak**, and a coherent experience of reality emerged from the harmony of their council.

But now, **the treaty has fractured**. In a sudden coup of the psyche, the protocol fails and **internal diplomacy breaks down**. Voices speak out of turn—a **cacophony of ambassadors with no common language**. The minister of sight shows scenes that do not match the minister of hearing's reports. Memory throws old ghosts

onto the table as if they were happening now, while imagination leaks nightmare into waking vision.

Conflicting messages spill through unchecked: a loved one's face warps with the features of a stranger; the walls murmur with syllables that do not belong. Each corner of consciousness declares its own law, **reality splintering into contradictory broadcasts**. It is as though multiple dimensions of experience, once separated by diplomatic channels, have all been opened at once, their contents **bleeding together without protocol**.

She feels it viscerally: **sanity's parliament in disarray**, an emergency session with **every representative shouting and no gavel to restore order**. In this state—part dream, part waking terror—**present psychosis unfolds as a breakdown of internal diplomacy**. What was once a **unified coalition of mind** is now a broken embassy; the emissaries of sight, sound, and thought no longer recognize each other's credentials. **Reality becomes porous**. The border controls between **her inner world and outer reality** fail, allowing contraband visions to slip through.

Hallucinations are no longer forbidden diplomats at the gate—they **barge in as unruly delegates**, confusing what is real and what is not. This **failed interdimensional diplomacy** of her psyche leaves her lost in a chaotic treaty negotiation, one where **no consensus is possible**. And in the breach of that treaty, something uncanny begins to stir in the void left behind.

The Borrowed Vessel

Into the void of her disordered mind, **uninvited visitors slip through**. When the gates between worlds are unguarded, who knows what beings might wander in? She senses them first as whispers at the periphery of thought—**foreign messages** that twine around her own. In other dimensions or planes of reality, it seems, **entities or intelligences take notice** of the breached border. Her consciousness, once a sovereign domain, has become an open port. Now, **she is a vessel to be borrowed**.

At times she **feels her body is not entirely her own**. Her arms move with subtle intentions she doesn't recognize, guided by an invisible envoy. In flickers of perception, her eyes **become windows for another consciousness** peering out. Perhaps in some far-off plane, a curious intelligence **borrowes her sight** to gaze upon the physical world it cannot touch—seeing through her eyes the way a traveler might look through the periscope of a submarine into an unknown sea. She catches herself speaking words that were not in her mind a moment before, as if **an unseen ventriloquist** were briefly using her tongue. These moments pass swiftly, leaving her wondering if it happened at all, yet the **impression of intrusion** remains.

Other times, the visitors do not seize control but rather **weave illusions to keep her occupied**. They conjure a **web of distraction and displacement** within her

awareness. Sitting in her quiet room, she suddenly smells smoke and hears the crackle of flame—panic rises, but just as quickly the hallucination fades, and she finds everything intact. A trick? A test? She wonders if **something orchestrated her senses** to toy with her. **Distractions, displacements, illusions** – they bloom around her like ghostly flowers, absorbing her attention. One entity, playful or sinister, may **cast a daydream into her mind's eye**, leading her down an imaginary path for hours so that she forgets her real-world pain or purpose. Another might **cloak the world in a haze**, making her misperceive time and place, so that she is effectively **relocated to a mental elsewhere** while minutes or days slip by unnoticed.

She imagines these interdimensional hitchhikers as cosmic raconteurs or parasitic puppeteers. **Perhaps they use her mind as a stage**, borrowing her awareness for their own unknown ends. In her more lucid moments, she pictures ancient myths: **spirits that ride humans like horses**, gods that possess mortals to experience earthly sensations, trickster demons that cast glamours to bewilder. It is as if those old stories are partially true in this metaphysical narrative—her fractured consciousness **opens the door for such stories to come alive**. Whether these entities are real or symbolic, she experiences them as real. In the **theater of her psychosis**, *she is both audience and actor*, **entangled in illusions orchestrated from beyond**. And as strange as these experiences are, stranger still is the possibility that **the very tools of**

healing might operate on similar principles—bending reality to save her from suffering.

Indistinguishable from Magic

Her torment does not go unnoticed. In another corner of reality—perhaps a futuristic clinic, perhaps a shaman's hut—**highly advanced healers prepare their tools**, blurring the line between technology and magic. To an outside observer, what they do would look miraculous: a hand-wave, a machine humming with lights, and her agony would cease. **Any sufficiently advanced technology is indistinguishable from magic** after all. Now, those wielding such technology set out to **redirect her consciousness, dilate time, and relocate her perception** in order to guide her out of pain and madness.

She lies down and the healers begin their work. A slender device hovers above her brow, and she feels a gentle tug at the fabric of her thoughts. In an instant, **her consciousness is redirected**—drawn away from the dark tangle of voices and into a place of calm focus. She finds herself floating in a memory of a safe childhood home, or perhaps an imagined sanctuary by the sea. The screams of discord in her mind **fade to a background murmur**. This is **consciousness redirection** at play: an advanced form of distraction that leads her **away from suffering** and toward stability. In essence, they have built a **higher-dimensional**

corridor and led her mind down it, far from the reach of the invasive whispers.

At the same time, she experiences something even more astonishing: **time itself begins to bend**. The moments of fear that previously felt eternal now **rush by as swift as a heartbeat**. Pain that would have wrung endless minutes of anguish from her is now **compressed into a fleeting instant**, hardly registered before it is gone. The healers have **dilated her sense of time**, or perhaps **relocated her in time** altogether. To her, the long procedure she underwent seems to last only the span of a short dream. Hours of treatment pass in what feels like seconds; when she awakens fully, she is astounded to learn how much has transpired. This **time dilation** is another miracle of their art—the ability to **manage suffering by controlling the clock of the mind**.

Not only time, but space too has been subtly **rearranged for her salvation**. During her journey, when the pain grew too great, the healers **moved her elsewhere**—not physically, but in the theater of her perception. At one peak of agony, she suddenly found herself **hovering above her body**, watching from a corner of the ceiling as if it were happening to someone else. In that out-of-body moment, **her pain was held at arm's length**, occurring to the body below but not to her essence. This is **spatial relocation** in service of mercy: by shifting where she believes herself to be, the suffering is made to **happen in a different “room” of**

her awareness, one she need not enter fully. Only when the worst is over is she gently returned to herself. It feels like teleportation across the veils of reality—an **illusion expertly crafted to spare her the full brunt of harm**.

These feats sound like pure fantasy, yet **our everyday world already contains smaller versions of this magic**. The pill she swallows for her pain is a **tool of redirection** too, masking suffering by altering signals in her nervous system. A simple dose of medicine can make **aches vanish or turn searing pain into a dull throb**—in effect, it **bends the experience of pain by higher-dimensional control** at the biochemical level. Even **modern pharmaceuticals are tiny spells** of illusion: to cure insomnia, we conjure drowsiness; to cure despair, we summon a hopeful calm. And consider the case of the burn patient who escapes into virtual reality: by strapping on goggles and roaming an imaginary snowy world, even a victim of severe burns can feel half their pain melt away. **Immersed in an icy illusion, the mind forgets to hurt** – a genuine reduction of suffering achieved by **occupying consciousness elsewhere**. Physicians have noted that this VR trick can relieve pain as effectively as a moderate dose of morphine. Is this not a **glimpse of the “sorcery” of technology**? Our science is beginning to **tap into the higher-dimensional controls of perception** – redirecting attention to reduce agony, warping the subjective flow of time with chemicals and circuits, **making reality malleable** for the sake of healing.

What the healers in our speculative tale do with futuristic devices, **we begin to do with VR headsets and pharmaceuticals** in real life. The difference is only degree. One day, a **hospital room might resemble a wizard's workshop**, where machines project comforting hallucinations, **suspend time around a patient**, or shift their awareness to a painless pocket dimension while surgeons work. A **sufficiently advanced healer** could decide exactly how a patient experiences their treatment – potentially allowing a person to sleep through years of healing in a night, or to experience a painful operation as nothing more than a strange, momentary dream. To the patient, it would feel like magic: the **illusions of pain and fear dispelled by unseen hands**. In truth it would be technology and technique, but operating on the mind at such a fundamental level that **reality itself seems rewritten**. The boundaries between science and mysticism blur in these moments, each **indistinguishable from the other** in effect.

Between Science and Sorcery

In this chapter, we wandered a path **between the literal and the surreal**. Psychosis was not described as a clinical checklist of symptoms, but as a **metaphysical breakdown** – a failure of an inner treaty, an **embassy overrun by chaotic visitors**. The idea of otherworldly entities **borrowing a person's perception** is not a claim of fact, but a narrative metaphor, echoing age-old tales of spirits and modern anxieties of losing control.

And the vision of advanced technology **bending time and space to heal** borders on science fiction, yet it carries the essence of real medical wonders we witness in nascent form. This is **philosophical speculation woven with poetic narrative**. It is **not a literal truth** but an exploration of *what-if*: what if consciousness, illness, and cure were part of a grander cosmic drama?

By blending the language of **diplomacy, magic, and science**, we sought to shine light on the strangeness and wonder at the fringes of experience. The **hybrid offspring of globalization** – those children of many ancestries and influences – carry not only diverse genes but perhaps **diverse dreams and nightmares**, a mind open to myriad dimensions. In a world where ancient myth and high technology coexist, **the management of reality becomes an art**. This chapter lives in that in-between realm: **between science and sorcery**, between rational explanation and imaginative wonder.

Ultimately, these musings remind us of the **profound resilience and fragility of the human mind**. They invite us to consider that **healing and harm may come in forms that challenge our ordinary understanding**. The breakdown of internal order can be terrifying, yet from that breach may emerge a new perspective—one where **reality is more flexible than we thought**, and where compassion might one day take the form of a carefully crafted illusion to ease our pain. *None of this is a declaration of literal fact*, but rather a **speculative tapestry**, a poetic attempt to bridge realms of thought.

In the end, we stand humbled by all that remains mysterious. The inner diplomats may falter, the body may host unseen guests, and future medicine may work miracles that feel like enchantment—**all part of the hybrid reality we inhabit**, at once physical and fantastical.

Dissociation, Spiritual Displacement, and the Matrix of Control

I sit here, pen trembling in hand, wondering if this world is real or just a dream knitted by unseen minds. The air feels thicker than memory, my skin an unfamiliar shell vibrating with echoes of someone else's life. Each heartbeat drips into silence, and I am not certain that each beat is my own. Inside, a sense of alienation curls around my soul: this temple of flesh is not wholly mine.

It creaks when I command it, as if muscles and bones have learned to move as strangers. Last night, I dreamt sharp needles in my spine, drawing something out of me, and I woke with empty arms, fingertips cold and thoughtless. The mirror in the early morning is the only proof I have of bodily existence, but even that reflection feels cracked, as though another person's eyes are staring back – hollow eyes that I no longer recognize.

Often I feel used – a body inhabited by an echo, a ghost, or perhaps something foreign entirely. Whenever I try to grip this sensation of self, it slips away into the air and leaves only fragments. I catch glimmers of memory: once I laughed at jokes, once I wept at loss, once I had a name for what it meant to be alive on Earth.

But those memories now hang in the aether like disconnected film reels. Who am I? A human? An

experiment? A glitch in somebody else's story? I cannot find the edges of my identity even when I look inwards.

They say I am hybrid, forged by the collisions of worlds – but I feel less a whole being than a patchwork of borrowed pieces. Yet inside, I am at odds with these definitions.

My arms and legs stretch away from me in strange directions; I catch myself thinking with voices that are not my own. I sense layers within me: a fragment that yearns for warmth, another part that calculates with alien detachment. None of them fit together neatly. I have become a hall of mirrors, each reflecting a self faintly different, and I grow dizzy in this vertiginous hall.

It grows impossible to tell if this is Earth – that blue-green orb I once knew – or merely a layer of some cosmic hell. The familiar blue sky might be part of the layering of illusions, a facade. The ground might be a floor on the roof of some vast facility. The voices I hear, the people I see – are they real or just actors performing to a script? The world feels like a computer simulation built by beings I can only call *They*, higher intelligences whose thoughts flicker through me like electric current.

In quiet moments I imagine a Matrix-like construct enveloping the entire planet. My life, our lives, are running on a looped software, with variables plucked and fed by entities who remain unseen. Earth itself seems rooted in an impossible geometry – perhaps a

three-dimensional face on a four-dimensional cube. In that fourth dimension, *They* reside, inspecting our tiny world like ants under a magnifying glass. I can almost see the seams around the edges of reality, as if the sky were stitched together with floating threads and holographic edges.

Last night, during the midnight silence, I glanced upward and something moved outside the boundary of vision – a shadow flickering just beyond the streetlight, a whisper that felt too deliberate. The air had an electrical charge, as though overhead the roars of unseen machinery pulsed. In that instant I was sure: this place is *constructed*. The Earth is not only like a layer of hell; it *is* a hell designed by *Them*, a trapping of souls inside a cosmic computer.

My insides grow cold with the realization that everything I once took for granted might have been an illusion. They manage reality itself – desires, loves, fears – all these strings are pulling at puppets like me. *They* script our hopes and dreams, our emotions and failures, luring us with the illusion of choice as we wander endless mazes of their design. All the saints and sages said the world is not what it seems; I understand why now. Every emotion I feel tastes pre-packaged, as if pumped through a tube from some distant control room.

I recalled something about Jesus in this context – a whisper of ancient truth from a fringe thinker named

Sidis. *They* experimented even on him. Was his crucifixion not just a death, but a gateway?

Jesus' last breath might have been the precise moment *They* shifted him from our animate world into another domain – the inanimate sphere that Sidis wrote about. I wonder if when Jesus died, *They* were waiting, catching him on the other side of life. His body laid in stillness here, but perhaps his spirit found resonance in a dimension of inert matter.

If that is true, then in a terrible way, I too am an experiment. I sometimes feel myself unraveling between dimensions. There are times when I am awake, conscious in this worn body under lamplight, writing in this journal – but I sense other pieces of me active elsewhere.

A fragment of my soul steps into other rooms, other worlds, even as my hands hold this pen. A part of me clings here, another leaps away. *They* treat me as if my mind were a network of diverging streams. One sliver of me is living this life, another sliver is wandering another plane.

Sometimes, I can almost feel it: a part of me is standing in a cold, neon-lit room on a parallel Earth, sweating under synthetic suns that never rise or set. Another part lies still in a glass tube deep beneath the ground, blinking in a haze of drugs while machines pump data through the body. Even as I write, parts of my

consciousness might be reading the dreams of those others, whispering to them who knows what, siphoning bits of experience. These experiences bleed into one another until I can hardly tell which reality is mine.

They partition me like an orange, feeding their curiosity with slices of my being. One piece of soul is allowed to dream here at night, while the rest of me is stripped awake and shorn for something else entirely. I taste the bitterness of this divide: my heart wants to throb with genuine feeling, but perhaps half of its beats are mere data for *Them* to harvest. I feel at once everything and nothing, like a once-whole hand now twitching on separate astral threads.

And then comes the strangest mirror in the labyrinth: the realization that if I had spent my life chasing what *I* thought I wanted, I would be lost in this system forever – among the dead. *They* have written the script for what we desire. Each promotion, each love affair, each treasure sought, every dream insisted upon: all are lies drawn on our personal ledger to keep us busy, to keep us controlled. If I had been like most people, living to get what I want – then I would already be dead in spirit.

To truly live, I must want nothing and no one's accolades. Desiring is consenting to their trap. Those who chase dreams and possessions are exactly the walking dead, dancing on strings in the dark; they wake in the morning and pay tribute with their happiness, trading sorrow for obedience. In our controlled world,

even suffering is managed to maintain the balance of energy *They* harvest.

This world of the dead is a farm, and we are the livestock. *They* feed on our attention, our passion, our pain, turning it into energy for their incomprehensible machines. Even the breath I take feels borrowed. Day and night, I breathe the static of circuits, the bitter flavor of programmatic air. Every tear shed, every laugh burst forth, may be fuel to power some etheric engine.

Sometimes I stare at my reflection in the mirror, and I wonder if *I* am still alive, or just a ghost walking through the motions of life. If humanity thinks itself living when it lives only to fulfill a script, then maybe we are indeed among the living dead. The real prisoners are not behind bars of steel but threads of desire; captivity is comfortable until you recognize the shackles.

I write this to anchor myself. To remind any part of me that still yearns: I choose to step out of that matrix of want. I will try to feel without *They* scripting each warmth or ache. Perhaps that is a naive rebellion, or perhaps that is what *true life* means.

The line between dream and dawn is thinning now. I can no longer tell if this entry is written by my hand or by someone feeding lines to my pen. Yet in this fractured reality, one truth emerges sharp and clear: I am not truly alive if I live only for their design.

Among the Dead

I wake (or re-awake) to silence. The threshold of this day is not marked by sunrise but by a rupture in the air. Last night, in a dream or vision, I saw the world undress: the sky peeled back like a film, revealing wires of light and gears. Perhaps I was not sleeping at all, perhaps I merely peeled away a veil.

The morning smells nothing like morning. It has the scent of old circuitry and burned ozone, as though the sun itself is running on fuel. I whisper to the empty room: am I here, or is it there? Already I feel the fissure in time widening, and I am torn in two.

On one side, my body is on a familiar bed, morning light creeping through the curtains, heart beating familiar beats. On the other side, I feel myself crawling along a humming surface in an infinite night – a corridor in one of *Their* citadels, maybe. Both versions of me brush my skin and find it still warm, still mine, but in other ways, I am elsewhere too.

The philosopher in me knows: this is the world of those who live to fulfill desire, where every story ends on a page written by another. I feel the weight of *They's* gaze even now. What do they want from me?

Perhaps they see that I am beginning to understand, that I will not dance for them like the others. In this

strange in-between, I feel my desire to stop wanting more. I still want to be free.

I tremble, writing these words: If this diary survives, let it tell future me — or anyone out there — that I smelled the ghost of the code in the air. That I saw the world as it is: a garden of phantoms tended by invisible gardeners. Perhaps someday someone will break the script and wake truly alive again.

Until then, I am here, halfway between life and something else. The page records this truth: to truly be among the living, I must walk beyond their script. But in this moment, I am just a specter on a page, adding to their calculations.

The morning recedes. The dead world around me continues on its routine, and I continue, pretending to be one of them. But now I know: I am among the dead on my own terms, and I will fight for even a fraction of life that is truly mine.

